

THE

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POEMS OF JOHN KEATS.

It is not our intention to review these volumes;* alas for their author, he had enough of reviews in his life, and we would not disturb him now that he is resting on the shore of the Mediterranean. But we come to offer a tribute of thoughts, excited by the appearance of these poems (or rather recalled to our minds, for we have had them for years), and the offering is to the memory of one we have called our friend. We say "our friend," for who that knows the history and poetry of Keats does not claim him for a friend?

A poet, of all men, belongs to no circle of acquaintance, is the property of no country. A true poet is the gift of God to man, and in his own soul acknowledges his home the world, his kindred mankind. In publishing his writings, he avows his desire of admittance to the hearts of all; and if he have but the key, he will obtain that admission, and secure a place from which it will be difficult to dislodge him. When we first read the preface to *Endymion*, we resolved to like the author, whether his poetry was good or bad. After speaking of his anticipations in relation to his book, he added, "This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment: but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it; he will leave me alone, with the

conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object." To some this might appear as cowardly shrinking from criticism—to us it appeared like a man pleading with his fellow, not to use the sharp weapons which were so common and so merciless in the administrations of Jeffrey and Gifford.

John Keats was the son of a livery stable keeper in Moorfields. He was born Oct. 29th, 1796. His father was able to give his son the ordinary classical school education of England. At the age of fifteen he was placed in the office of a surgeon as an apprentice, where he remained only a few years. His taste for poetry had been observed and encouraged by his teachers, and the ambition to become a poet was excited in his soul during his school-boy days. A moderate fortune came to him on the death of a distant relative, and he resolved immediately to devote himself to his favorite occupation. To this course he was encouraged by not a few of the most eminent men of his day, among whom he ranked Leigh Hunt as his especial friend and counsellor. This well known gentleman spoke often in the highest terms of the exuberance of fancy and rich imagery with which his poems abounded, and to him Keats dedicated his miscellaneous poems. His first volume was published in 1817, when he was but twenty years of age. In this volume were collected many of his first efforts, among which the

* The Poetical Works of John Keats. In two parts. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846.

stanzas "To Hope" bear perhaps the earliest date, having been written in February, 1815, while he was but eighteen years old. Doubtless he had written much before this of which we have no record.

In the next year he published *Endymion*. This is his longest poem, and one on which, at the outset, he had counted much. But he became discouraged, and committed it to press in an unfinished state, burdened with errors and faults which, as he said, "denote a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished." And he added, "It is just that this youngster should die away—a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live."

The principal features of *Endymion* are its richness in imagery, and the apparent ease with which it was written. Take its opening verses for example :

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness : But it will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams ; and health, and quiet
breathing.

Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of Despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching. Yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young," &c.

Another example we select at random from the third book ; the scene is that in which *Endymion* scatters the torn leaves upon the dead, who

"In silent rows,
Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes."

The effect of the magic leaves is thus described :

"There arose
A noise of harmony, pulses and throes
Of gladness in the air—while many who
Had died in mutual arms, devout and true,
Sprang to each other madly ; and the rest
Felt a high certainty of being blest.

* * * * *
Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers
Budded and swell'd, and full blown, shed full
showers

Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sound divine.
The two deliverers tasted a pure wine
Of happiness from fairy press oozed out," &c.

Of this volume Leigh Hunt remarked, "It is a luxuriant wilderness of flowers and weeds—weeds of glorious feature." By his patron and friend Leigh Hunt (to whom he had been introduced by the son of his old school-teacher), Keats was introduced to the public in the pages of the *Examiner*, which Hunt was then editing. Gifford (the well known enemy of America and all that is American) was at that time conducting the *Quarterly*, and, as in duty bound (so at least said the code of party politics in that day), attacked the young poet with a disgraceful and bitter criticism, distinguished for its wholesale abuse and lack of ordinary decency. He was a young man and open to severe criticism, but not to the extent he received at the hands of Gifford. The richness and beauty of *Endymion* should have been the plea for pardon, if some mushrooms did spring in the luxuriant soil. The death of Keats has been ascribed to this review, and there is every reason to suppose that the consumptive symptoms were hastened by it. He had a mind which could not sustain the weight of such bitterness, but brooded over the injustice which one review led him to suppose he was receiving from the world. He read and re-read the article in the *Quarterly* until he became wholly discouraged, and Gifford had the pleasure of knowing that he quenched one of the brightest lights of English poetry ; for if the review was not the cause of Keats's death, it was at least the cause of his suspension of labor, and *Hyperion* remains unfinished.

The later poems of Keats show marks of the purest poetry. He was one who worshipped the beautiful, and his mind was filled with great and glorious imaginings, which flowed from his pen with as much beauty and grandeur as those of any poet ancient or modern. Perhaps none of his writings have been circulated as far, and as widely read in this country as "The Eve of St. Agnes." This is a gorgeous picture, full of beauties, so full that it is impossible to select one to admire more than another, and like some masterpiece of the painter, when one would point to a peculiarly beautiful portion, he is lost in the question which to select. Never did poet succeed in describing furniture, dress, and the commonplace matters of life as did Keats in

this glowing production. Here is the first stanza:

"St. Agnes' eve—ah, bitter cold it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen
grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer
he saith."

Here is a description of a window:

"A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
And diamonded with pains of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of
queens and kings."

But why gather a flower as a specimen of a garden! Let us turn from this to a poem of totally different nature, which is perhaps the best complete poem he ever produced. *Lamia* is founded on a tale of Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius, which is given in a note at the conclusion of the poem, extracted from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Lycius, a young nobleman of Corinth, meets a phantom in the form of a beautiful woman, who entices him to accompany her. He lives with her for many days; then being proud of her great beauty, insists on marrying her in public. She, with much urging, consents, but at the wedding, Apollonius, the philosopher, is present.

"Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven.
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of human things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd *Lamia* melt into a shade."

We quote this, not for the sentiment, but to preface the next quotation with better explanation than we could give. The philosopher looks at the lady, and the lady becomes cold and fades.

"The sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perçant, stinging: she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motioned him to be silent; vainly so.
He looked and looked again a level. No!
"A serpent," echoed he; no sooner said
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
On the high couch he lay! His friends came
round,
Supported him—no pulse or breath they found,
And in its marriage robe the heavy body wound."

The plot rests, as will be observed, on the ancient fable of the *lamia*, a serpent in human form. We have not selected the conclusion as the most beautiful part of this poem by any means; but were led by our intention of relating the story into quoting the conclusion. It has fewer faults and more beauties than any of the poems which he completed.

Hyperion is a grand beginning of what would have been the greatest of Keats' works. We think it was Leigh Hunt who called it a forest of mighty oaks, the fit residence of the oracles of gods. We hesitate in extracting from it, lest in breaking the chain we injure that sense of completeness and unity which must be instant in the mind of the reader. Saturn sleeps.

"Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscapt; and his realmless eyes were closed,
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the
earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

Before writing *Hyperion*, the young poet had learned lessons in the experience of life. He had struggled with agonies, and crushed them down; but they were rebellious, and his life was a perpetual conflict with these Titan giants in his soul. Looking into the cavernous recesses of his heart, he beheld with keen perception the prisoned thoughts, and wrote this account of the chained Titans:

"Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone and slaty ridge
Stubborn with iron——"

— the brawniest in assault,
 Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
 Dungeon'd in opaque element to keep
 Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their
 limbs
 Locked up like veins of metal, cramp'd and
 screw'd

Without a motion, save of their big hearts
 Heaving in pain, and horribly convulsed
 With sanguine, feverous, boiling gurge of pulse.

* * * * *
 But for the main here found they covert drear.
 Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
 Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
 Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor."

In the latter part of the second book, where
 Hyperion visits them in their cavern, Enceladus

"looked upon them all,
 And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
 But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
 Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
 When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
 In pale and silver silence they remained,
 Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,
 Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
 All the sad spaces of oblivion,
 And every gulf, and every chasm old,
 And every height, and every sullen depth
 Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams,
 And all the everlasting cataracts,
 And all the headlong torrents, far and near,
 Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
 Now saw the light and made it terrible.
 It was Hyperion!—"

It is impossible to convey any just idea of
 the magnificence of this fragment, which was
 the last work of the young poet. Every line
 is loaded with beauty, yet bears its load with
 grace and ease. If John Keats was not a
 poet, then poet earth never saw.

In 1820 he went to Italy. His feeble constitution sought relief from the grasp of disease, but in vain. The last few months of his life are the most interesting of it all. He was bowed down with disappointment and broken-spirited. In Rome he wandered among the relics of old glories, and drew a picture of his own destiny. Ambition was gone—hope left him. His exquisite delicacy of perception in all that was lovely, and pleasant, and beautiful, became a torture to him rather than a pleasure. At this time he felt more bitterly than ever disease making inroads on his body. He loved. The story of his love is a sad one. Let us not drag into sight the thorn that is buried in his buried heart.

His step grew feeble, and he looked toward the grave sadly and mournfully. "I feel the daisies growing above me," said he. The noble and gifted were now his friends, but he withered away in their embrace. "Write over my grave, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water,'" said he. They did, when with many tears and many recollections of his trials and his sorrows they buried him on the shore of the Great Sea.

Keats was not a Christian. He was a man of imagination, and perhaps his religious creed was all expressed in his own words,

"Beauty is Truth—Truth, Beauty."

We have spoken of him as a poet only. As a man he was kind, affectionate, somewhat reserved towards strangers; but he lacked the graces of a faith in Christ. Indeed, we have no evidence that he had any thought during life of his immortality. Strange that a man can be a poet and not a Christian! Byron, Shelley, Keats, three friends, two professed and one practical infidel! Shelley buried Keats; Byron buried Shelley by the side of Keats. The scenes in their lives are subjects for history and romance alike. Whither the souls of the master poets went when freed from earth we shrink from saying. Alas, that there can be so little doubt that Shelley was right in his thought, that where the soul of his friend was he should go! Adonais was the wild outbreak of his grief over the grave of Keats, and concludes thus:

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song,
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given:
 The massy earth and spheroid skies are riven:
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

Within one year after this was written, a melancholy group was seen on the shore of one of those beautiful bays that lie all along the coast of Italy, gathering the fragments of a wrecked vessel into a heap, and laying the body of a man on the pile. The attendants retired, leaving two pale men in cloaks standing beside the pyre. One of them touched the fire to the wood as the other gazed sadly on. Byron and Leigh Hunt were kindling the funeral pile of Alastor.

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE scene of our present sitting is a log cabin on the bank of the Callicoon; the time, night; the *dramatis personæ* are hunters of various appearance, and the employment of the party is cleaning and preparing rifles for to-morrow's hunt. One end of the cabin is entirely filled with a broad chimney of rough stone, on the ample hearth of which the large logs roar and crackle and blaze so brightly that we need no candle to see one another's visages. We all know each other well. Every fall, for many years, we have met here, and driven the deer of Wayne and Sullivan. We discussed the morality of our employment long ago, and with clear consciences and happy hearts we are now gathered, after a weary day's hunt, around the fireside which for the present we call home. Supper over (it consisted of steaks from this morning's first shot, and a broiled partridge), we fell into the regular conversation of the evening, namely, about the absent and the loved.

This is the happiest part of the day after all. The weary body is permitted to rest, and the unwearied mind roves everywhere gladly and joyously. Then we talk of all that may most interest or amuse; and it is often an odd thing to see a man in plaid roundabout, without buttons, but fastened with yellow tape, bloody pantaloons and unshaven face, drop his gun which he is cleaning, and rise, and talk eloquently of some subject you would never dream of hearing outside of a library, or in any company than that of the literati of a city. But always on rising from supper the friends at home are first named, and many kind thoughts and prayers are on our lips for them. So this night. And now, having perhaps given some idea of the appearance of our party, we will let the conversation run on.

"J— had no letter to-day, and feels somewhat blue," said S—. "J— has not hunted with us to-day, but has been across the Delaware and down to the bridge (a matter of ten miles or more) to the Cocheton Post Office, to bring the letters for all of us. He is himself disappointed, and sits, rather thoughtful, on a box by the corner of the chimney." S—, who made the remark, is stretched at full length on the floor, with his head as near

the flame as it may be safe. His history is an interesting one. He is young and wealthy, a graduate of Yale, and a man of decided talent. But few know why he has secluded himself up here in the woods, for he is not, like the most of us, a mere temporary resident.

"Did you expect a letter from home, J—?" asked W—.

"Yes, from my sister."

"Ah, from M—. Poor fellow, I pity you if you intend to feel as bad as this every time your sister disappoints you."

"Why so?"

"Nothing, only sisters are apt to forget their brothers, except when they have some need of them."

"No, no, Will, M— has never neglected me without good cause."

"It's possible she may be an exception, and I believe M— is, to the rule. I never had a sister, but I have learned to think all of them too thoughtless by half of their brothers' affection to win much from them. In truth, it seems to me impossible for brothers to feel any sort of attachment to such sisters as I see usually."

"You're wrong there, Will," said S—.

"What do you know about sisters, I should like to know, backwoodsman?"

"I had one once."

"You, S—?"

"Why not? I had a sister once, and loved her too. I've learned a lesson in my life that you have yet to learn, and that is, never to think lightly of a sister's love. Indeed, Will, I believe from my heart of hearts there is no love of man to man so pure, so holy, so intense, as that of a brother for a sister, or a sister for a brother."

"I'm surprised, S—. You never hinted to me before that you had ever a sister. I should like to know about her."

"Not now, J—. Some other time I'll tell you of her," said S—, and dropped his head again, which he had raised on his elbow. A silence ensued through the cabin, interrupted only by the clicking of the rifle locks as their owners tried them, and finding all right, one by one deposited them in their places.

Will broke the stillness. "I should like to

know some good ground to change my opinion of brothers' love for sisters. Who ever knew an instance of a sacrifice made on either side of such affection?"

"I'll tell you a story," said S——, again raising his head upon his elbow, and casting his fine eye around the cabin. And straightway all prepared for one of his tales, which were never unwelcome. After a momentary pause he began.

"I heard this story vouched for by some of my father's friends, so far as its particulars relate to matters of earlier date than my recollection. Of the truth of the latter part of it, I am well assured by my own knowledge of the facts, so that I am ready to endorse all the main particulars. If there are any misstatements in the tale, they are not mine, nor are they of importance so long as the great moral of the history remains true.

"In the village of P——, on the west bank of the Delaware, once lived a brother and sister, orphans, all in all to each other. He was manly and noble. Soul shone in his eyes, and command was in his step. Men looked on him, and loved themselves the more that they were fellow creatures of such a nobleman. And she—'ah, she was queenly!' On her forehead Nature had written 'beautiful.' There was no voice in all the village so rich as hers, no laugh rang so merrily, no song gushed out with half that melody. It was a good thing to look upon her, so calm, so holy was her innocence. The boys in the street stopped their plays when she passed, to gaze at her; and the beggar valued her alms not as much as the smile that accompanied them. Many an eye was turned to her window to catch a glimpse of her form, and many an ear listened eagerly for the music of her voice.

"But a change came. I need not tell you the wiles of the destroyer. You are city men, and you have read the daily records of the weakness of the human heart. That fair girl who in her purity had never dreamed of danger, for that very reason fell. How changed that home was, you may imagine. No more glad hours, nor happy evenings, nor joyous songs, nor golden hopes. Will, was not that enough to change a brother's love, if your creed be true? And did it change? No, no! His morning kiss was convulsively pressed to her cheek, and his evening embrace was more passionate than ever before; and that was all the evidence of change.

"Shall I go on," said S——. There was

no answer, but a big tear stood on the cheek of a forester who was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin between his hands.

"Let me pass over a space of time to a very different scene. In the criminal court of H——, a young and lovely female was arraigned for the murder of her own infant. Her brother stood beside her in the prisoner's box. It was a fearful scene; the immense crowd were hushed in death-like stillness as the question was put, 'Guilty, or not guilty?' and one loud sob burst from the vast assembly as a low broken voice whispered 'Guilty!' She was taken to the prison, and the sentence of death recorded. I have often pictured that prison scene. Her brother was not with her there, nor had she seen him since the day of her trial. Don't think he had deserted her, Will. You shall hear where he was. But in that dark cell what were the thoughts of that lone girl? There is to the condemned prisoner a certain undefined looking for of something fearful and terrible.

'To think of summers yet to come

That I am not to see;

To think a weed will one day bloom

Of dust that I shall be.'

That is a sad thought to youth, and to youth such as hers was horrible, but for the holy light of life eternal that found its way to her cell and her heart, and taught her the prayer of penitence and faith."

"But where was the brother?" said J——.

"He had gone to the capital, and at the feet of the Governor was begging a pardon for his sister. He pleaded her youth, her beauty, her priceless value to him. He named all the ties of life, all the loveliness of woman, and her loveliness above all—her wrongs and her weakness, and the mercy of God to the vilest sinner. It was in vain, and time passed on. He dared not leave the capital, for he hoped on; but the day of her execution approached, and a long way was it from her to him. The evening before that day he procured the pardon, and with exulting heart he flew on his mission of salvation.

"Such a storm as descended that night had not been known among the mountains for half a century. Blinded by the lightning, deafened by the thunder, he pressed his horse on. Morning broke clear and beautiful. A glorious day for that fair girl's death! But no! she was pardoned, and the pardon was coming in a brother's hand; that noble brother!

It is noon, and a stream is in his path, swollen by the storm to fearful depth. His noble horse refuses the ford. He rides madly up and down the bank, losing many minutes, till the good steed takes to the water. It is a hard struggle, but they brave it nobly, and reach the other side far below the ford. No rest, but on, on, on, the good horse seeming to know that he bore life to the dying; through the forest, across the plain, into the city, up to the prison gates they fly. Too late! too late! Five minutes would have saved her!"

"What became of the brother?" asked a hitherto silent listener (even myself) after a long pause.

"I will tell you," proceeded S—, who had, while talking, risen from the floor, and was standing with his back to the fire. "A few years ago I was hunting over the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains. One day I came across a path, and knowing it to be that of no beast, I followed it to a sort of half cave, half cabin, on the hill side. It was empty, as I judged from receiving no answer to my call at the door, which I found fastened. I afterwards made inquiries, and found that the hut was the residence of a hermit, whose

history no one was able to ascertain. He had come there a young man, and was not then old, but for many years had preserved his secret from all prying eyes or ears. A woodman once looked through the little window of his cabin as he passed after dark, and saw him bending over something bright, gem-like, and it was finally, I believe generally, resolved that he was a Romanist doing a life penance; so there it rested. Years passed on without an incident to renew curiosity, which had long ago died for want of food, when one evening a hunter passing his door after a fall of snow, noticed that no footsteps were visible in front of it. Another and another evening he observed the same, and then taking some friends with him, he proceeded up the mountain to the hermit's home. They entered the cabin. Seated at a rude table, his head bowed on it, the hermit sat—dead! His forehead rested on the miniature of a young female of surpassing beauty. Such a vision of loveliness had never before met their gaze. Purity was on her brow and gentle holiness on every feature. The soul of the recluse, I trust, had met the repentant soul of that betrayed one in a land where sorrow is not. Verily, Will, a brother's love is marvellously strong."

JOSEPH LATHROP, D. D.

NOTWITHSTANDING it is now more than a quarter of a century since this eminent servant of God went to his rest, there are still many who have a distinct recollection of what he was both in his private and public relations. As we happen to have enjoyed more than common opportunities for becoming acquainted with his character, and as we were privileged especially to witness the serene and dignified cheerfulness of his old age, and even to note the workings of his spirit till he actually commenced his passage through the dark valley, we have thought that some brief sketch of him, supplied partly from our own recollections and partly from other sources, might not only be grateful to many who remember him, but might subserve the general interests of truth and piety.

The subject of this sketch was the son of Solomon and Martha Lathrop, and was born at Norwich, Conn., Oct. 20, 1731, O.S. He

was a descendant, of the fourth generation, from the Rev. John Lathrop, who came from England in 1634, and settled in Barnstable, Mass. His parents were both plain, sensible people, of respectable education and devoted piety. His father having died when he was about two years old, his mother, after a few years, formed a second matrimonial connection, in consequence of which he removed to Bolton, Conn., where his youthful days were subsequently spent up to the time of his becoming a member of college.

Having pursued his preparatory studies under the direction of the Rev. Mr. White, the minister of the parish in which he lived, he entered Yale College in 1750, and graduated in 1754, at the age of 23. In respect both to scholarship and general propriety and dignity of deportment, he stood in the foremost rank in his class; and those who knew him then were not disappointed in the intellectual

and moral elevation which he attained in subsequent life.

Under the influence of religious education, he seems to have been, while he was yet in his childhood, the subject of many serious impressions, insomuch that, at one time, he ventured to hope that the Spirit had performed an effectual work upon his heart. But these impressions, as too often happens in respect to young persons, proved like the morning cloud; though they were revived sometime in the course of his college life, and were gradually matured into a decided Christian character. Before his mind was yet established, and while he was yet struggling under a sense of his sinfulness, he seems to have been greatly embarrassed in his reflections on the doctrine of election; and the apprehension that he was one of the non-elect had at one time well nigh discouraged him from all farther effort. But he describes himself as having escaped from the difficulty by some such train of reflection as this: "A Saviour has come to open the way of salvation for sinners. Salvation is offered, and the terms are stated. The offer is to all, and the terms are the same for all. In God there is no insincerity. To him belong secret things. Things only which are revealed belong to me. There can be no decree which frustrates the divine promises. If I comply with the terms, the benefits promised are mine. God has chosen men to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth. It concerns me to make my election sure by adding to my faith, virtue, &c. By faith and patience I may inherit the promises." This reasoning availed to dissipate his painful apprehensions, and in a short time his mind was composed to an humble trust in the promises of the Gospel, insomuch that he was enabled with freedom and comfort to make a public profession of religion.

Soon after leaving college he engaged in teaching a Grammar school in Springfield, Mass., and at the same time prosecuted his studies preparatory to the ministry under the Rev. Mr. Breck, in whose family he boarded. In January, 1756, he was licensed by the association of that neighborhood to preach the Gospel, and in March following was invited to preach as a candidate for settlement in the parish of West Springfield, then vacated by the recent death of the Rev. Samuel Hopkins. In July he received a unanimous call to become their pastor; and having accepted their call, he was ordained on the 25th of August.

The occasion of his introduction to the ministry he regarded, and justly, as the most important epoch in his life; and in connection with it, he formed and committed to writing a series of resolutions, which, while they show the deep seriousness with which he engaged in his work, furnish most profitable matter of reflection to all who are placed in similar circumstances.

During the revolutionary war, Mr. Lathrop was taken off from his labors by serious illness for the greater part of three years; and so deep were the inroads of disease upon his constitution, that at one time he had nearly relinquished the hope of ever again publicly addressing his people. At this critical juncture, while his health was yet only partially restored, a circumstance of no auspicious bearing upon his comfort occurred, in the intrusion into his parish of a fanatical impostor in the guise of a minister of the Gospel, by the name of John Watkins. The fellow had come from England, professing to be a disciple of Whitefield, and made great pretensions to earnest piety and especially to the love of souls; and after having preached a single Sabbath, the parish, in consideration of the feeble health of their pastor, engaged his services for several Sabbaths. During this period he labored to the extent of his ability to disaffect the minds of the people towards their own minister, publicly and privately inculcated the most extravagant and dangerous doctrines, and, under the pretence of lifting the standard of a reformer, stooped to measures the very conception of which could not be separated from the basest imposture.

But notwithstanding this man does not appear to have been particularly distinguished either for his talents or his address, he succeeded in unsettling the minds of a portion of the parish, and giving them at least a temporary disrelish for the truths of the Gospel and the order of Christ's house. He was given to understand, after a few Sabbaths, that the parish had no longer any occasion for his services; and he withdrew to practise his fanatical tricks wherever he might find opportunity. Mr. Lathrop, as his strength returned, availed himself of the first opportunity to lead his people to a profitable improvement of the scenes through which they had been passing; and it was on this occasion that he composed and preached his celebrated sermons, entitled "Christ's warning to the Churches." These sermons have passed through at least a dozen

editions in this country, and we know not how many in Great Britain. They were published in Edinburgh under the direction of the celebrated Dr. John Erskine, and were noticed in terms of warm approbation by the London Christian Observer. The fact that these discourses were produced by such an occasion, is a striking instance of evil becoming the minister of good; for it may justly be doubted whether the venerable man in the whole course of his life ever produced anything better adapted than these sermons to extensive and lasting utility. Their influence in the delivery was most desirable upon his own congregation; and we doubt not that they will continue to supply an antidote to a spirit of religious credulity, especially in respect to the efforts of imposture, through many future generations.

In 1791, he was honored with the degree of Doctor in Divinity from the college at which he was educated; and at a later period in life he received a similar testimony of respect from Harvard University.

In 1793, he was elected to the professorship of divinity in Yale College; but, notwithstanding he had many strong inducements to accept the place, particularly on the ground that while his salary would be increased in favor of his family, his labors would be diminished in favor of his health, yet he decided on the whole against a removal. His congregation duly appreciated this expression of his attachment, and in due time reciprocated it by some substantial demonstrations of gratitude and good will.

From the time that Dr. Lathrop recovered his health, he continued to discharge his duties as a minister with scarcely any interruption, till the last Sabbath in March, 1818, the day which completed the sixty-second year from the commencement of his labors as a candidate. At that time, owing to the infirmities of age, and especially to the great imperfection of his sight, he announced to his people his determination to attempt no longer the public services of the Sabbath, and requested that they would take measures for the supply of the pulpit, with reference to the settlement of a successor. After this he continued for some time to write about one sermon a week, which in the absence of any other supply was read in public by another person; and he occasionally also delivered an extemporaneous discourse during the week, here and there, in different parts of his congregation.

On the 25th of August, 1819, the sixty-third anniversary of his ordination, he attended the ordination of his colleague, and offered a prayer in connection with the solemnity, which, for appropriateness, pathos, and fervor, we believe has rarely been exceeded. In the events of that day he rejoiced as forming the consummation of his long cherished hopes; and from that time the language of his heart seemed to be, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Within a few days after the ordination of his colleague, he was suddenly attacked by a severe illness, which, it was confidently expected for some time, would terminate in death. He, however, after a short time, so far recovered as to enjoy the company of his friends, to attend public worship on the Sabbath, and occasionally to take part in the devotional exercises. It was apparent, however, to all who saw him, that his constitution was rapidly giving way, and that the earthly tabernacle must, at no distant period, be dissolved. About the commencement of December, 1820, the signs of intellectual as well as physical decay increased more rapidly; and though after this he occasionally rallied, and for a short time appeared quite like himself, yet his friends had learned to look daily for his departure. He died on Sabbath morning, 31st of December, at the age of eighty-nine years and two months.

As Dr. Lathrop's entire public life was passed in a comparatively retired country parish, it were not to be expected that his history should be marked by events of incident; but no one who knew him could doubt that he *might* have been placed in circumstances in which he would have figured among the brightest spirits of the age. Our limits will permit us only to glance at his character.

His mind was distinguished by the quickness, the clearness, the simplicity, the originality of its operations. When a difficult subject was presented to him, he saw, as if by intuition, into its most perplexing intricacies, and had the faculty of making it perfectly clear to the comprehension of others, as it was to his own. There was less of boldness than beauty in his conceptions; his imagination oftener delighted by its exquisite touches, than astonished by its magnificence and sublimity. He had an eye that could penetrate with wonderful ease the human character: he formed his opinion of an individual quickly, and rarely had occasion, on the most ma-

ture acquaintance, to change it. He was unsurpassed also by the power, the richness, the delicacy of his wit; and though he always used it with judgment, and used it sparingly enough, yet it was often dealt out with most scathing effect upon the arrogant and self-conceited. He had a great abhorrence of everything like ostentation in religion. A flaming zealot, in whose Christian character he had no great confidence, called upon him, and after some remarks in respect to the elevated character of his own religious experience, put to him this impertinent question—"Dr. Lathrop, do you believe that you have any religion?" "None to speak of, sir," answered the Doctor. Another, whose character in the world for moral honesty was not very good, in a conversation with him, told him that he had not committed a sin for nearly a year. "I fear," said the Doctor, "that your neighbors would tell a different story."

We doubt whether it would be easy to find instances of more adroit management in controversy than many which are supplied by the history of this remarkable man. We will mention one or two striking cases, of which he has himself left a record.

"Travelling for my health (1781), I called at a tavern for refreshment. The landlord soon introduced me to a gentleman, who, he told me, was a *Universalist*. I suppose his aim was to bring forward a dispute on the subject of future punishment. After customary civilities, I told the gentleman my health was not good; I conversed but little, and wholly declined disputes; I should, however, be gratified if he would give me his opinion on the controverted question. He was very courteous, and readily answered me in this manner:—'I will state my opinion by reference to the story of the deliverance of the Hebrews from Egypt. The people came to the Red sea, saw the Egyptians on their rear, found themselves entangled between mountains, and fell into murmuring and despair. Moses told them there was no danger; the sea would open a way for their escape. They did not believe it; but Moses believed it. The sea opened, and they arrived to the other shore. (He should have remembered that the Egyptians pursuing them were all drowned!) The people were now as safe as Moses. But Moses, by his faith, had the comfort of the deliverance beforehand. To apply this to the question before us. Believers and unbelievers will be equally safe and happy in the other

world. All the difference is, that believers have the comfort of salvation in this world, which unbelievers have not.'

"I answered him, 'Sir, I understand your system. I will trouble you only to give me an explanation of one passage of Scripture, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."' 'The explanation,' said he, 'is very easy. Christ says, "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink," &c. These, i. e. these sins, these unkind dispositions, shall go away into everlasting destruction—shall cease, and be no more known.' 'Very well,' I replied; 'now, as an honest interpreter of Scripture, you will adhere to your own rule. The Judge says to them on his right hand, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," &c. The righteous, i. e. according to your interpretation, these righteous dispositions, these kind, hospitable virtues shall go into life eternal. You have disposed of the vices of the wicked and of the virtues of the righteous, now be so good as to tell me what becomes of the persons themselves.' He gave no direct answer, but diverted to observations foreign to the question."

Another instance of his great skill in managing an adversary occurred in reference to a man who came to him to request that he would preach against prevailing fashions. It is thus related by himself: "A remote inhabitant of my parish, apparently in a serious frame, called upon me one day, and pressed the necessity of bearing my testimony against this dangerous evil. I observed to him that as my people were generally farmers in middling circumstances, I did not think they took a lead in fashions; if they followed them, it was at an humble distance, and rather to avoid singularity than to encourage extravagance; that so long as people were in the habit of wearing clothes, they must have some fashion or other, and a fashion that answered the ends of dress, and exceeded not the ability of the wearer, I considered as innocent and not deserving reproof. To this he agreed; but said that what grieved him was to see people *set their hearts* so much on fashions. I conceded that as modes of dress were trifles compared with our eternal concerns, to set our hearts upon them must be a great sin. But I advised him to consider that to set our hearts *against* such trifles, was the same sin as to set our hearts *upon* them; and as his fashion dif-

ferred from those of his neighbors, just in proportion as he set his heart *against theirs*, he set his heart *upon his own*. He was therefore doubly guilty of the very sin which he imputed to others, and I desired him to correct his own fault, which he could not but know, and to hope that his neighbors were less faulty than himself, and less faulty than he had uncharitably supposed them to be."

Dr. Lathrop's character as a Christian was eminently consistent, avoiding alike the false fervors of enthusiasm on the one hand, and the chilling and lifeless system of the formalist on the other. His religion was a beautiful combination of faith and works—of active devotedness to the service of Christ, and of humble reliance on the merits of Christ; and it was like the shining light that becomes brighter unto the perfect day. We knew him well after age had furrowed his cheeks and silvered his locks, and withdrawn him in a great measure from intercourse with the world, and never have we known a finer example of dignified Christian cheerfulness, of humble confidence in the Redeemer's merits, and of patient waiting for the final change. His death was a worthy termination of the life which he had lived; and though he always spoke of his personal hopes with great diffidence, none who witnessed the consistency and the purity of his example, and the sustaining power of his faith, could feel a doubt that he had an open and abundant entrance ministered to him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

As Dr. Lathrop was remarkable for practical wisdom, it was to be expected that his influence would be deeply felt in the higher councils of the church; and accordingly we find that his labors, more than those of almost any other clergyman of his day, were put in requisition in cases of ecclesiastical controversy. And he almost always succeeded in healing the breach between brethren, and in dropping upon the contending parties the mantle of kindness and benignity.

But Dr. Lathrop's fame is no doubt destined to be chiefly that of a preacher, or more especially of a writer of sermons. His manner in the pulpit was always dignified and commanding; his devotional exercises were characterized by deep solemnity and unaffected fervor; and his occasional prayers particularly were so inimitably pertinent and striking, that even the most careless hearer could scarcely fail to

be impressed by them. His discourses were eminently evangelical; they not only set forth the Christian doctrine, but breathed the Christian spirit, in an uncommon degree; they abounded in the most striking and beautiful thoughts, as well as in the most practical and common sense views of things; and no attentive hearer could listen to them without being at once delighted and edified. They were wonderfully adapted to every grade of intellect and every class of character; and while they were within the legitimate reach of every comprehension, every one felt, or might feel, that he was receiving a portion in due season.

It is believed that Dr. Lathrop wrote and published more sermons than any clergyman who had preceded him in the United States. The number of his MS. sermons was about six thousand, every one of them written out in a fair character to the very close. He published six volumes during his life, besides many occasional sermons, not included in these volumes; and a seventh volume, consisting of sermons which he had revised for publication, was issued shortly after his death. All these volumes are now nearly out of print, but it is hardly possible but that there should be future editions of his works, which will bear his name, as one of the most honored of our American clergy, to distant generations.

We subjoin the following letter from Dr. Lathrop, in reply to a friend who had requested his opinion concerning the manner in which Paul advises Christians to treat an excommunicated brother.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 16, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

I will endeavor to answer the inquiry contained in your letter in as few words as possible.

In the first epistle to the Corinthians, 5 ch., 9, 10, 11 verses, Paul, referring to the case of an incestuous man, writes in the following manner: "I wrote unto you in an epistle, not to company with fornicators. Yet not altogether with the fornicators of this world (i. e. fornicators of the heathen world, among whom ye live), or with the covetous, or with extortioners, or idolators; for then must ye needs go out of the world. But now I have written to you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or an idolator, or a railer, or an extortioner; with such an one, no not to eat."

The question here is, what is that *eating* with an excommunicated brother which the apostle disallows? It certainly cannot be eating at the Lord's table; for exclusion from this is the es-

sence of excommunication. And besides, it is eating to which heathens may be admitted in company with Christians; and heathens, however moral in their lives, would not be admitted to the Lord's table.

Nor can it be eating at a *common* table; for then, as the apostle says in the case of refusing all company with heathens, "we must needs go out of the world." As the case might happen, the wife might not eat at the same table with her husband, nor children at the same table with their parent. The laws of Christ were never intended to interfere with domestic order, nor with the common rites of civility or hospitality. Our Saviour has told us that the obstinate offender whom the church cannot reclaim, is to be to us as a *heathen man and a publican*. And we know that he ate at common meals with publicans and sinners, and condemned the rigor of the Jews in excluding such persons from their tables. And he would not prescribe to his church a rule of conduct which he disapproved in the Jews, and which he refused to adopt in his own practice. The reason why he ate with publicans and sinners was, that by his courteous and instructive treatment of them, he might bring them to repentance. They needed a physician. The apostle instructs the Thessalonians to "note the disorderly brother, and have no communion with him, that he may be ashamed." But then, adds he, "Count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother," that you may bring him to repentance. This advice does not look like a denial of common courtesy and civility.

Neither of these kinds of eating can be intended by the apostle in the passage to which I have referred. What then can it be? It should be observed that what is here principally forbidden, is *keeping company*, commixing, associating, or maintaining special intimacy with such a person; for so the Greek word used here, and in the 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, properly signifies. And the eating disallowed is such a kind of eating as implies this intimate mixing and keeping company.

Now it should be remembered that in those ancient times it was common for people to make social feasts, to which they invited their particular friends, that they might eat and converse together in testimony of mutual regard and confidence. To such festivals among the Jews our Saviour often alludes—such convivialities among the heathens the apostle mentions. On such social festivities made by heathens the apostle allows Christians to attend. He says to the Corinthians, "If any of them who believe not, bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go," intimating that they might go if they were disposed, "whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake. But if any man say to you, This is offered in sacrifice to idols, eat not, for his sake that showed it, and for conscience sake—conscience, I say, not thine own, but the others." For though I know that an idol is nothing, and neither makes the meat better nor worse, yet all men have not this knowledge; 'and why is my liberty' so used as to be 'judged' and condemned 'by another man's' conscience?

It here plainly appears that Christians might attend festivities with heathens, if they were invited; but I think the passage disallows their attending festivals with an excommunicated brother. They might not accept invitations made by him, nor invite him to festivals of their own; for this would be to mingle with him as a companion and countenance him in his vice and impenitence. Such companying with him they should avoid, that he may be ashamed. But those duties which result from family relations, those civilities which belong to common neighborhood and social connection, ought still to be paid him, that we may win him by our goodness, and may admonish him as a brother and encourage him to repentance.

Should these hasty thoughts prove of any use to you, it will give pleasure to your sincere friend,

JOSEPH LATHROP.

THE SWORD AND THE CROSS.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

BY T. B. READ.

I.

KING OLAF's streaming banner bears
The Romish cross on high,
Far flashing like a golden cloud
That streaks the ruddy sky.
By Jarl Sigmund's castle
Waits many a vassal—
Clutched falchions are telling
Of burning impatience,
And steel breasts are swelling
Like waves through the stations.

II.

The haughty Sigmund bids adieu
To Edgiva, his daughter;
Her hand is in his mailed grasp,
Her heart is on the water,
Out on the blue ocean,
Whose musical motion
Breaks over the edge of
The dark rocks to fling her
The deep-drunken pledge of
The dauntless Vikingir.

III.

The sea breeze, like a lover's hand,
With golden tresses toys,
A thousand joyous promises
Are mingled in its voice,
The foreboding raven
Sits hushed in her haven;
While bright hope convulses
All sounds with its pleasure,
And Edgiva's pulses
Beat time to the measure

IV.

The Jarl is on his eager steed,
He waves his iron hand,
A thousand vassals mounted well
Obey the stern command.
Bright steel hoofs are flashing,
As swift they go dashing,
All fiercely and proudly,
Uncurbed as a river,
And give the shout loudly,
"King Olaf for ever!"

V.

How madly do they trample down
The altars of their sires;
And laugh to see a martyr writhe
In slow consuming fires.
Now wildly to slaughter,
And asking no quarter,
The children of Odin
Have dared to go forth, men,
And spill their good blood in
The cause, like true Northmen!

VI.

The grey old iron conqueror
He turneth from the fight;
The beard upon his scornful lip
With foam is gleaming white.
The blade of his glory,
So battered and gory,
He wipes on the dying
While yet they are breathing,
Then flings it to dry in
The girdled-held sheathing.

VII.

With heartless kiss he proudly greets
The tarnished cross of Rome,
And mounts the sable charger now
All flecked with blood and foam,
But over his tower
Black thunder clouds lower,
Oershading the path of
The Jarl and his horsemen,
Foreboding the wrath of
The Gods of the Norsemen.

VIII.

Deserted by his trembling host,
He gains the tower alone,
And plants the flag in scorn upon
The turret's topmost stone!
Through air like a spirit
That strives to inherit
Eternal abode in
Valhalla, and faileth,
The dark bird of Odin
Thus whirlleth and wailleth.

IX.

And now to yonder mast it clings,
Fair omen for the brave!
But wherefore strain thy eagle gaze,
Proud Jarl, thus o'er the wave?
Say, is it a Viking
Who suits not thy liking,

That thou art beholding
 Fast skimming the water?
 Perchance one unfolding
 Thy golden-haired daughter!

X.

As flashing from the scabbard starts
 Again his gleaming sword,
 So from between his quivering lips
 Leaps many a fearful word!
 His eye full of daring
 With vengeance is glaring—
 He bids the winds waft her,
 The waves hither bring her;
 They bear him but laughter
 Up from the Vikingir!

XI.

He learns too late the bird will flee
 From the unguarded hall,
 When it can hear its wild mate at
 The open casement call.
 And too late he heareth
 Dread words, and he feareth
 The thunder they are pour'd in.
 "Be death to him given
 Whose cross leads his sword in
 A red path for heaven!"

HOURS IN A MAD-HOUSE.

"Did you ever think that you would one day be insane?" said a friend of mine to me the other day.

"Never," replied I, "except when I am speculating upon insanity. Then I find my own mind so thoroughly enchanted with the subject itself, that I am tempted to think I am going crazy."

It may be a morbid sympathy, but there is no one class of suffering humanity to which my heart goes out with more intense longings for their relief, than to the inmates of a Lunatic Asylum. The poor have their sources of comfort in the soul: the sick find in the kindness that is shown them a balm for sorrows: the deaf, the dumb, the blind, have avenues through which bliss may flow into their spirits; and there is sweetness in ministering to the wants and soothing the woes of the sons and daughters of distress, thus thrown

upon our sympathies and appealing to us for aid. But who can minister to a mind diseased? How often is it true that the very attempt to give joy and peace to a disordered intellect is mistaken for a design to injure, and the language of kindness is construed into the wile of an enemy!

"Help me out of this horrid place," said a lady to me the other day in the hall of an Asylum. She had been consigned to the prison of the heart by friends who loved her tenderly, and in years of love had rejoiced in the beams of her supernaturally bright and flashing eye. But disease had racked her brain, and she was crazed! She was taken from the bosom of a once happy family, any one of whom would have cheerfully gone to prison in her room, and all unconscious of the malady with which she was afflicted, she was shut within the walls of the hospital for the insane.

She had sense enough to know that she was among the mad, and when a stranger came in, she was reminded of the days when she was at liberty and home, and the thought of escape seized her.

"I am not deranged," she whispered, as she followed me down the corridor; "they brought me here because they thought I was; but you will help me out, and I shall be once more in that dear home."

I quieted her as well as I could, and turned away to get out of her sight. In one such case what a long tissue of associations springs to mind, and how the heartstrings are torn with sympathy! Here was the wife and the mother shut out from all the accustomed sources of happiness in which she had but recently found so much delight, and with all her deprivations added to the terrible thought that she was not mad. It would seem to be better that she should sink under the consciousness of the *truth*, than thus draw misery from the delusion that she was an innocent convict among the condemned.

A venerable old lady was haunted with the belief that she was the mother of Washington, and that he and the great men of his time were, *in spirit*, her companions. This illusion had possessed her mind until she was no longer a suitable inmate of the family, and a place was found for her in the asylum. What a place was this for one in the decline of life; *inured* only to luxury, and revelling in fancy, as she had always in fact been only in the society of the elegant and refined. But here she was a queen-mother among her associates, disdaining familiar converse with any but the noble shades of the departed, who came thickening around her in the twilight, and paying homage at her court. With a dignified wave of her hand she bade them approach, and received them with majestic grace, as if royalty were her daily study. It was not so painful to contemplate her madness; and I have been deeply interested in some of the views which Dr. Earle, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, has advanced respecting the happiness of the insane. He thinks that, as a class of people, they are far from being the most miserable. He treats them, too, like *rational* beings; gives them lectures on philosophy and poetry; feeds their fancy for the beautiful, the curious, and the great; and thus finds the means of introducing into their minds some gleams of sunshine to cheer the darkness that must reign there with so little

interruption. He was walking one day in front of the Asylum, and a crazy woman sitting on the grass said,

"One, two, buckle my shoe."

He went on with "three, four," and she matched it with a rhyme, and so on till the old ditty was exhausted, and he still pursued the numbers till she had made rhymes for the whole of them to the neighborhood of forty. Here was the effort of a philanthropist and a philosopher to awaken thought, connected thought, in the mind of a maniac. Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, and Dr. Brigham, of Utica, have been very successful also in these efforts. In fact, there is no field of experiment and observation more interesting than the wilderness of ruined mind. We may traverse it with melancholy steps, but as there is pleasure in ministering to the heirs of sorrow, there is much to be reaped in these regions of blight and gloom.

Never shall I forget the image which I once saw through a grated door in the Hospital for the Insane on Blackwell's Island. It was a child of not more than a dozen years old, who had been crazed by fright! And the picture of fear was drawn on its little face! It looked up with terror toward the grate, and as its wild eyes met mine, the little thing uttered a scream that thrilled along the fibres of the heart, and then buried its face under the rags that made its bed. This was a pauper child—a crazy pauper child, frightened out of its wits. It is dead, doubtless, before this; and who but would wish that death would release it from agony for which life has no solace or cure!

Dr. Earle is fond of rousing his lunatic patients, or rather of tempting them to the exercise of faculties such as they have, that they may at once find pleasure and improvement in such pursuits.

But the most *rational* exercise for the insane is that of dancing. If it was impossible always for me to understand how sensible people could spend their time in dancing, there seemed to be something very appropriate in the amusement for crazy ones. It was therefore with great pleasure that I accepted an invitation to a ball at the ——— Asylum, the only ball I ever attended in my life. There were few guests besides the inmates of the establishment. To them the evening had been a source of high enjoyment in prospect, and their delight when at last the long-wished

hour had come, was probably never exceeded by the pleasure of the most confirmed ball-goers among the sound-minded inhabitants of our city. The gentlemen and lady lunatics had dressed themselves for the occasion in their very best; and now and then a peculiar fantastic style of head-gear discovered that the head beneath it was out of order; yet even these indications of insanity were not more numerous than would be seen in a company of equal number out of the Asylum and in a ball-room. The music was by a mad band! Think of that! Music hath charms even for the insane; and we bless God that there are chords in the soul that will vibrate harmoniously when reason is dethroned. And when the music struck up and the partners took their places on the floor, it was in the highest degree amusing to contemplate the gravity with which these lunatic dancers entered upon the mirthful business of the evening. Not being familiar with the art, I cannot say how skilfully they went through the evolutions of the floor, nor whether their performances were in all respects as elegant as are seen at the city assemblies; but that there was ever a happier ball, or a more profitable one than this, I doubt exceedingly. The amusement seemed commensurate with the capacities of the company; and if my fair readers who are fond of dancing will pardon me for making a clean breast, I will confess that I think dancing a very suitable amusement for the insane, and for them only. Let those who have no heads cultivate their heels.

Preaching to the insane is a pleasant and very useful exercise. I do not know how far the investigations of modern science have gone in search of the nature of insanity, but there is a delightful source of comfort to me in the fact that to nearly all the insane the Gospel seems to be able to give consolation. They listen with interest: they feel the power of it on their hearts: they rejoice in its joyful sound: they want to hear it again.

I have been greatly interested in some cases of insanity furnished by Dr. Earle, and published in the American Journal, which is conducted by the officers of the Utica Asylum. The writer mentions several curious instances of delusion, only one or two of which I can copy.

"A young lady, while paying a visit to some of her friends, in a section of the country very remote from her home, became concerned for the welfare of her soul, and after

much anxiety, tribulation, and suffering, was made happy by a revelation of the whole plan of salvation. This clearness of spiritual vision was afterwards withdrawn for a time, but she was made again to rejoice at its return. On the night of this second revelation, she perceived distinctly delineated upon the wall of her room a figure like that of the Saviour, but without hands. On the following night, as she was lying down and earnestly engaged in prayer, she felt herself lifted from her bed, and a convulsive spasm shook her whole frame. This was repeated, and at length she was lifted up and borne away upon a cloud, while surrounding harps filled the air with melody.

"Her voice, theretofore tremulous and husky, now became strong and delightfully harmonious. About this time, as she was lying in bed, singing, she saw upon the ceiling a shadowy arm waving to and fro. Her happiness was ecstatic, and she continued to sing. She now lived in continual bliss. Every time she prayed she beheld a vision, generally a window, with clouds passing before it. She could pray with much greater facility than at any previous period of her life. One night, on retiring, she placed her watch at the head of the bed. She soon heard a noise, like the cracking of glass, and the watch stopped. A 'breathing' was heard at the head of the bed, and when it ceased the watch again commenced running. From this, and from the former incidents which have been related, she became convinced that she was a supernatural being. She thought herself selected to be the bride of the Saviour. Her body was shaken with spasmodic tremor, and her limbs involuntarily assumed an attitude making the form of the cross. While lying in this position, she felt as if wafted away upon a cloud; but at length a poniard was thrust into her side, withdrawn, and the stroke repeated. Her sleep was refreshing. In the morning she found the minute-hand of her watch split; and, upon placing the watch in her belt, it stopped. Looking through the window, she perceived the whole universe to be a scene of agitation and commotion. Although the sun shone brightly, rain was descending in torrents, and the wind blowing with the terrific force of a hurricane. The millenium, as she believed, was at hand! She threw herself upon the bed. The music of a marching army delighted her ears; and every time she breathed, the curtains of the windows waved.

"A few days after this she wrote letters to her friends, and on the following morning found some of the 'strong expressions' in them marked with figures like the characters of stenography. She told her acquaintance that she believed they were made by God. The letters were now sealed, but not forwarded. The next day, a gentleman having called to whom she wished to read them, they opened without effort, as if they had not been sealed.

"She now began to visit the sick, believing that her touch would restore them, and bearing in mind the following texts of Scripture: Matt. xxi. 21: Mark xi. 23: Luke xvii. 6. She also spent hours in looking at the clouds, firmly convinced that she should be translated, like Enoch, to heaven. One day she preached an hour in the open air, expecting every moment to behold the reality of the scene delineated by West, in his picture of Death upon the Pale Horse. Much accustomed to going abroad, she had become tanned, and then perceived that her countenance bore a strong resemblance to that of a picture which she had seen of the Virgin Mary, painted by an Italian artist. Not long afterwards she beheld a halo of light encircling her head, such as is represented in the pictures of the Saviour.

"She became the centre of attraction; 'the observed of all observers.' The children of the neighborhood, even the dogs, followed her, and she was compelled to lock the door of her chamber, to keep the chickens from coming in.

"While on board the steamboat, returning to her home, she believed that Christ was upon earth, and that the dead were awakened and rising from their graves. Among the passengers she recognized St. John the Divine, and two of the apostles. She imagined herself to be Mary Magdalene, and her father (who had been dead several years) Simon Peter. During the night preceding the day on which she debarked, she was awakened by the hissing of serpents, and the roaring and rushing of a waterfall. The reptiles were crawling over her, and encircling her in their coils. She thought that the general and final convulsion of creation had commenced, calmly closed her eyes, felt as if borne away upon a cloud, and, after the lapse of half an hour, during which the sounds of the last throes and agony of expiring nature were continued, an angel's seal was pressed upon her forehead.

By this signet she would be recognized among the heavenly host.

"At one place where the boat touched she saw several of her former acquaintances, who had risen from the dead. Among the crowd she observed a large and apparently most powerful man, 'wearing a blue navy shirt and a light cap.' This, she believed, was Christ.

"She left the boat at a large town, and stopped at a hotel. At the supper table, and on the following morning, at breakfast, were three men, one of them very similar in appearance to her deceased father. On the latter occasion, as she looked at the person last mentioned, his eye-balls glared like fire, and she became convinced that he was God, and his companions the Son and the Holy Ghost. They were the true Trinity.

"Proceeding in another boat towards home, she saw, upon the surface of the river, the reflection of a large army in heaven, many of the horsemen being clad in mail, and leaning forward upon the necks of their chargers. For several days in succession she felt rain descending from heaven upon her face. Once as she looked upwards it did not descend. She prayed fervently, again looked up, and her prayer was answered by the falling rain.

"Among the ornaments worn by her were a valuable ring, a pencil-case, and a watch, all of gold, and gifts of her deceased father. Upon being asked by a clergyman, who was a fellow-passenger, if she believed it proper to wear jewels, she was immediately seized with compunction for her transgressions in this respect. Carved upon the watch there was a serpent, whose eye was represented by an emerald. She looked upon it, and the eye glared at her with a light so fearful, so hideous, and so brilliant, that she was unable to withstand its power. Determined to sever the last link by which she was bound to earth, she seized the ring, the pencil-case, and the watch, and threw them overboard into the river."

Those who are interested in the statistics of insanity, and those who are fond of pursuing inquiries into the fields which the subject opens, will discern much to gratify their curiosity in the Report of the Managers of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, made to the Legislature in January last. There have been five hundred and fifty-three patients in that Asylum during the year, and the treatment has been so successful, that of the 268 dis-

charged all but 34 were either cured or improved, and more than one half were pronounced entirely recovered. Of the 285 remaining at the end of the year, there were 143 men and 142 women, a singular instance of equality in the number from the sexes. Of the persons in the Asylum the past year, four were clergymen; eleven were lawyers; eighteen were teachers; six were boys and twenty-seven girls in school; three hundred and forty-four were females employed in housework—that is, I suppose, females accustomed to attend to their own domestic concerns. It is a curious fact that at this Institution more married persons than single ones are received, while the reverse is true of almost all other Lunatic Asylums.

The causes of insanity are worthy of special attention. One man is set down as made crazy by "preaching sixteen days and nights;" and the only wonder is that it did not make the people crazy too. Religious anxiety is assigned as the cause in 102 cases! Millerism in 19 cases, and that too in 1845, two years after Millerism had expired by its own arithmetic. In a large number of cases the disease is hereditary, a terrible entailment; and when the instances are so numerous of its transmission, it may well suggest the high importance of precautionary measures in the case of those who have any reason to anticipate the inheritance. Twelve women are in the Asylum by the "abuse of husbands;" thirteen men and only five women from "disappointment in love."

I would extend this compilation much farther, but for the fear that others will not find the same interest in the study that I do. And I cannot more appropriately bring this article to a close than by quoting from Dr. Earle, to whose labors I have already referred; whose

writing discovers the scholar as readily as his success demonstrates his ability and knowledge in his peculiar profession. Speaking of Insanity and the means of its cure, he says: "No palliation, no specious argument, no artificial gloss can divest it of its deformity, or conceal its melancholy horrors. Beneath its sway Reason is deprived of her throne, and alienated from her empire; the most glorious attribute of man is, for the time, destroyed; the distinctive characteristic of our race is obliterated, and he who was 'exalted to the heavens' is brought down to earth. Yet often, in its most protracted forms, when years, both many and long, have rolled away beneath its influence, when the sands in the glass of time are nearly spent, and the flame of life is flickering towards extinction, the mind rises superior to the power which has crushed it, and, like the sun at the close of a clouded day, shines forth in the brightness and beauty of its primeval lustre.

'So blessings brighten ere they take their flight.'

And when this resumption of the throne of reason does not occur in life, it is a blessed consolation of the Christian's faith that the trammels of earth cannot be borne beyond the grave; that, when the 'silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken' all the dross that dimmed and tarnished the lustre of the soul shall be severed from that spiritual essence, and it shall stand, as stand the souls of those more fortunate in their temporal existence, before a tribunal of unerring justice, in the realm where Love, and Life, and Light, a glorious triune, eternal as the Power from which they sprang, shall obliterate the shadowed Past, in the effulgence and beatitude of the Present."

THOUGHTS OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

I.

THE vestal moon is sad and cold, one pure star at her side,
And shifting clouds, like dusky palls, o'er heaven's blue ocean glide,
While through their dim and misty robes the night's pale planets burn
With sweet and chastened radiance from out each golden urn.

II.

Abroad upon the silent earth, a solitary one,
I love to stand when slumber hath her dreamy reign begun,
And, 'mid a world of chill and snow, look up with strange delight,
In holy converse with the wild sad spirit of the night.

III.

The roaring winds with dismal howl sweep through the gloomy woods,
Where Desolation, leagued with Death, on sullen pinion broods;
Then swelling o'er the distant moor and round each winding hill,
Fall on the startled watcher's ear in cadence clear and shrill.

IV.

The snow-clad Earth lies cold and dead upon her frozen bier,
And on her pale, unspotted brow the Winter's icy tear;
The music of her songs is hushed—the murmur of the leaf,
The silver ripple of the wave—all, save the wail of grief.

V.

The dim, complaining forest heaves its huge brown arms on high,
That seem like giant forms to cast tall shadows o'er the sky;
Then creaking, bend along the ground with wild, unearthly shriek,
Like falling hosts beneath the charge when War's rude trumpets speak.

VI.

And in these dull and gloomy wilds on such a dreary night,
The only waking one, I sit 'neath its uncertain light,
And watch the shadows as they chase the moonbeam's quivering ray,
And see the wandering clouds obscure the stars' celestial way.

VII.

And stern December's wailing harp hangs on the leafless bough,
Close where the drooping willow and the funeral cypress grow,
And sends its solemn dirges out with wildly mournful tone,
Above the silent churchyards where Earth's dreamless dead are gone.

VIII.

And one is there upon whose grave no summer flowers e'er bloomed;
The dying Year with palsied hand his manly form entombed.
I did not think a brow by time unwritten thus and bright,
Could fade and seek the cold, dark tomb 'neath Winter's ruthless blight.

IX.

I do not weep when Earth is green, or autumn gilds the sky,
To see the beautiful depart—it seems so sweet to die;
But oh! when storms are beating drear upon each narrow bed,
I grieve there is no gentler place for you, my cherished dead.

X.

I know the poor frail body hath but sought its kindred gloom—
The spirit's faded garb alone lies mouldering in the tomb;
But ah! how weak our nature is that shrines in cumbering clay
Enfranchised souls, whose chainless flight is marked by glory's ray.

XI.

Thought links the disembodied soul with mortal life's cold chain,
And weaves around its glancing form the robe of earth again.
We scarce can rise, while veiled in flesh, to know the weight we bear,
But shrink to lay our fetters down and burst the bonds we wear.

XII.

So fond Affection at the urn weeps o'er its crumbling dust,
Yet Faith can lift her glance above and in His promise trust,
Who passed the portal of the grave to ope the gates of Heaven,
And sealed our passport with his blood, and whispered "all's forgiven."

RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.—No. VI.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

DINING with our Minister to the Court of France, the conversation naturally turned upon Louis Philippe and his family. He told me that the social life of the King was more like the quiet home of a citizen than that of a great monarch. His early misfortunes and wide wanderings had taught him lessons he never would have learned in the dazzling circle of a court; while the bitter experience the Bourbons had passed through, and his own experience in a foreign land, among a free people, strong because they were free, had showed him how to steer clear of the rocks on which his predecessors had wrecked.

No American can have sat beside the hospitable table of Mr. Ledyard, in company with his beautiful and intelligent wife and family, without carrying away with him the most pleasant remembrances.

A thousand ludicrous mistakes occur in Paris among Americans and English, from their ignorance of the French language.

Things are called for and brought, which, according to the understanding of the Frenchman, are as different from what is really wished as they well could be. A man frequently asks for a table-cloth when he thinks he is ordering a napkin, or a *hat store* when he is after a *hat-box*. The French, however, never tire of teaching you their language. Where an American or Englishman would be mum, if not sullen, a Frenchman will insist on making you speak phrases and words till you can get so as to talk with him. With the utmost gravity he will stumble on through a cloud of blunders, and if he but gets the mere fag end of the idea you are after, he will shrug his shoulders with delight, and taking a pinch of snuff, say "*eh bien*," commence again.

One ludicrous instance was related to me here of a couple of Englishmen who had just come over from the "sea-girt isle." Not having fortified themselves with a very extensive knowledge of the French language, it was the

most natural thing in the world that their *debut* into French phrases should be somewhat laughable. Sitting together at their dinner, one of them finally spoke to the waiter in French, bidding him remove the dishes. He spoke it very plainly, but the waiter had never heard such a phrase before, and ignorant what to do, politely asked him what he had said. The Englishman, suspecting he had made a mistake, and too proud to expose his ignorance, merely replied, or *wished* to reply, "never mind," thinking that would be the shortest mode of getting out of the difficulty; but he only involved himself deeper. Instead of saying *n'importe*, he answered with the greatest nonchalance, "*jamais esprit*," which comes just about as near to "never mind" in French, as *nunquam animus* in Latin.

One should never fail in Paris to walk through the Champs Elysées on a holiday. Every Sabbath day is a holiday, and to walk through it on some fête one gets a good idea of the way the French spend Sunday. This Champs Elysées, I forgot to mention before, is a mile and a quarter long, and averages about a third of a mile in width. It is traversed by a wide avenue in the centre, flanked with ample sidewalks and lined with trees. Numberless alleys, circles, and squares appear in every direction. Look up and down it as the summer sun is sinking in the distant sky; an endless crowd is streaming along, and the sound of mirth and music makes the air ring again. Imagine the effect of an open space a mile and a quarter long and a third of a mile in width, in the very centre of New York, waving with trees, and filled every pleasant evening with carriages and pedestrians without number, and echoing with strains of music. Yet what sights it has witnessed! The excited mob has streamed through it, and its alleys have rung with the cry of "To the Bastille!" and "Down with the King!" The guillotine has thrown its gloomy shadow over it, and the death cry of Robespierre startled its quiet shades. Here the allied army was reviewed after Paris surrendered and Napoleon abdicated; and a splendid sight it was, those fifty thousand choice troops marching with streaming banners and triumphant music along those shaded walks. Here the wild Cossacks pitched their tents during the occupation of the city. These wild warriors from the wilderness of Russia had followed their Emperor over the plains of Europe, till, ascending the last heights that overlooked the

city, their barbarian hearts had feasted on the gorgeous spectacle. They had seen Moscow in flames, and following the retreating, bleeding army of Napoleon across the Borysthenes, had seen it slowly disappear in the snow drifts of a northern winter; and now, with their wild steeds and long lances, they galloped through these avenues, and stretched themselves under the shade of its trees, as much at home as in their native deserts. Here, too, the English army, under Wellington, the year after, encamped, as it returned from the victorious field of Waterloo.

I could not but think of these things as I stood and looked on the thoughtless multitude that seemed occupied with nothing but the present. These great contrasts show the fluctuations of time, and how easily the populous city may become the prey of the spoiler and turn to ashes.

The right side as you walk up is devoted more especially to promenading, and the left to sports, where boys and men are playing at bowls, skittles and ball. But on the right-hand side, also, beyond the promenade, are objects of amusement. Here is an upright timber, to which are attached long arms, sustaining boats, in which, for a few sous, the young can sit and go round, rising and falling in long undulations, as if moving over the billows. Near by is a huge horizontal wheel, with wooden horses attached to the outer edge, on which boys are mounted, moving round in the circle. Returning to the main promenade, you encounter a miniature carriage, elegantly furnished, drawn by four beautiful goats, carrying along a gaily dressed boy, who is already proud of a splendid equipage. At the far termination, on a gentle eminence, rises the magnificent triumphal arch, designed by Napoleon—"L'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile." Bending at the end of this mile-long avenue, its white arch, ninety feet high, shows beautifully in the light of the setting sun. Covered with bas-reliefs wrought with highest art, the splendid structure cost nearly two millions of dollars. There, in enduring stone, are sculptured the taking of Alexandria, the passage of the bridge of Arcola, the battles of Austerlitz and Jemappes, and warriors and war scenes without number.

Turning back down the Champs Elysées, and taking the side deserted by the gay and fashionable, a different scene presents itself. Besides the games in full motion on every

side, here are collected all the jugglers, lazzaroni, musicians, and men with wise dogs and wise pigs, and dancing monkeys and self-moving dolls, &c., &c. There is a group standing in that oval shape which indicates something of interest in the centre. Let us enter it. Lo, there is a man with five dogs of various colors, which he has trained to act like rational beings. First he gives them the order to march; when, placing themselves in line, each lifts his fore paws upon the back of the one before him, and thus walking on their hind legs, they move gravely around the circle, amid the shouts of the spectators. After various exhibitions of this sort, one dog is selected to play dominoes with any of the company, and what is stranger still, he beats everybody that plays against him.

A little farther on is a smaller group gathered around an old woman, who is haranguing a large doll baby she carries in her arm. Some terrible story is illustrated in the contortions and gestures she exhibits, as now she embraces and now casts from her the baby image. Farther still the ground is covered with nimble players, and the air rings with shouts and laughter. This is a holiday of a summer evening in Paris, and of every pleasant Sabbath evening. What would we think of such an exhibition in New York on any day, especially on the Sabbath? In every part of Europe this day of rest is turned into a holiday; but nowhere do the people seem to be so utterly forgetful that there is *any* sacredness attached to it as in Paris. Here it does not seem the wickedness of depraved hearts, of scorners and despisers, but of those who never dreamed they were doing anything improper to the day—as if there existed no law but that of pleasure. And yet who can blame Europeans for preferring the field and the promenade to the church? Ignorant of all religion except the Catholic, and knowing it to be two-thirds a fable and three-fourths of its priests knaves, what can we expect from them but utter indifference and unbelief?

The fountains of these grounds, and indeed of all Paris, are supplied by water from the Seine. There are no aqueducts leading into the city, bringing water from elevations, as in New York, so that it makes fountains anywhere and everywhere a vent is given it, but it is all pumped up from the middle of the river by a tremendous steam engine, which raises 150,000 cubic feet in twenty-four hours.

Strolling over the grounds, my friend at length stopped in a secluded place, and said, "Here, when the allied armies first occupied Paris, was a bloody fight between several Cossacks. It was outside of their camp, and the quarrel had some circumstances connected with it which caused many remarks to be made about it. Do you know," he continued, "that I have often thought it had something to do with the wife of the French officer who was carried off by the Cossack at the battle of Fere-Champenoise?"

The following is the story he referred to. When the allied armies, in 1814, were in full march for Paris, Marshals Marmont and Mortier, with twenty thousand men, threw themselves before them to arrest their progress. A mere handful compared to the mighty host that opposed them, they were compelled to retreat towards the capital. As they approached Fere-Champenoise, they were assailed by twenty thousand cavalry and a hundred and thirty cannon. The artillery would rend asunder the solid squares by its tremendous storms of grape-shot and balls, and then the cavalry dash in at the openings, trampling down the steady ranks, and sweeping away whole battalions, as if they had been chaff, before them. Broken, mangled, and bleeding, the weary army finally rallied behind Fere-Champenoise. The next day General Pacthod approached the village with six thousand men, fighting as he came, in order to effect a junction with the French army. But as he was crossing the fields he found himself suddenly enveloped in the Russian and Prussian cavalry. The Emperor Alexander was there also with his guards, and wishing to save an attack, summoned the French general to surrender. He refused; and, although he knew that escape was hopeless, addressed his men, exhorting them to die bravely. They answered with shouts, and immediately forming themselves into squares, commenced retreating. Thirteen thousand horsemen, shaking their sabres above their heads, making the earth tremble as they came, and filling the air with dust, burst with loud hurrahs on those six thousand infantry. A rolling fire swept round those firm squares, strewing the plain with dead, as they still showed a bold front to the overpowering enemy. Again and again, on a headlong gallop, did those terrible masses of cavalry come thundering on the little band, and as often were they hurled back by the bayonet. At

length the enemy brought seventy cannon to bear upon these compact bodies. The destruction then became horrible. At the first discharge whole ranks went down, and when the smoke cleared away, you could see wide lanes through those squares, made by the tempest of cannon balls. Into these openings the cavalry dashed with headlong fury. Everything now was confusion and chaos. It was no longer a wall of men against which cavalry were dashing in vain valor, but a broken host through which the furious squadrons galloped, making frightful havoc as they passed. Still the French refused to surrender. Some with the tears streaming down their faces, and some frantic with anger, kept firing on the enemy till the last cartridge was exhausted, and then rushed on them with the bayonet. But half of the six thousand had already fallen, and the other half was so rent and scattered that they resembled a crowd of fugitives more than a disciplined troop, and the general was compelled to surrender. In the midst of this dreadful struggle, Lord Londonderry saw the young and beautiful wife of a French colonel, who was bravely heading his troops, in a light carriage, attempting to flee over the field. Seeing that their case was hopeless, the officer had sent away his wife from the dreadful scene of slaughter. But as she was hurrying over the field, three Cossacks surrounded the carriage and dragged her from it. Lord Londonderry, though in the midst of the fight, galloped to her rescue, and delivering her to his orderly, commanded him to take her to his own quarters, and then hastened back to the conflict. The orderly placed the lady on the horse behind him, and hurried away. He had not gone far, however, before he was assailed by a band of fierce Cossacks, who pierced him through with a lance, leaving him, as they supposed, dead on the field, and bore off the lady. *She was never heard of more.* Her case excited a great deal of sympathy, and the Emperor Alexander himself took a deep interest in it, and made every effort to discover what had become of her; but in vain. Her melancholy fate remains a mystery to this day.

These are the facts to which my friend referred, when he said he believed that the quarrel between the Cossacks, which occurred only a few days after this tragical event, had something to do with it. Very possible. It is not improbable that these wild warriors

brought her to Paris with them, and kept her concealed from their officers; and this fight, the cause of which could not be discovered, had something to do with her.

But there is no limit to the imagination in these things. She might have been slain on the field of battle, and buried from sight; and she may have lived for years a weary captive, doomed to suffering worse than death.

How often does a single case of suffering affect us more than the destruction of thousands; and it is only by taking one individual wounded in the field of battle, and finally dying in a loathsome hospital, and gathering up all the agonies of his single heart, and the sighs and tears of his wife and children far away—computing the mental and physical suffering together, and then multiplying it by tens and hundreds of thousands, that we get any idea of the horrors of war! I have often thought of a remark that Bonaparte made respecting an incident that occurred in the battle field of Bassano. His generals had fought there till nightfall, and conquered, and Bonaparte arrived upon it after dark, when all was hushed and still. The moon was sailing up the quiet heavens, shedding her mellow radiance over the scene, revealing here and there unburied corpses, as he rode along, when suddenly a dog leaped out from beneath a cloak, and barked furiously at him. His master lay dead on the plain, covered by his cloak, underneath which the faithful creature had crept to caress him. As he heard footsteps approaching, he darted forth to arrest the intruder. He would now rush up to Napoleon and bark at him, and then return and lick his master's face and hands, as he lay cold and dead. The alternate barkings and caresses of that faithful dog, the only living thing on that battle field, clinging still, when all other friends had left—the scene itself—the moon—the night—the silent corpses, all combined to produce an impression he never forgot. Years after, at St. Helena, he said it affected him more than any incident in his whole military career.

But here is a farewell to Paris. Without one word of complaint against Maurice's excellent hotel, I packed my baggage and prepared to depart. Changing my French money into notes on the bank of England, I inquired at what time the cars started for Rouen, turned to my chamber, and slept my last night in Paris.

BROMPTON QUEENS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

SYSTEMATIC name—*Cheiranthus incanus* ;
Class *Tetradynamia*—Order *Siliquosa*—Natu-
ral Order *Crucifera*.

Generic Character.—"Calyx closed, two of
the leaflets gibbous at the base: petals dilat-
ed: silique, when young, with a glandular
tooth each side: stigma two-lobed: seed flat,
sometimes margined."

Specific Character.—"Leaves lanceolate, en-
tire, obtuse, hoary; silique truncate, com-
pressed at the apex; stem somewhat of a
woody texture."*

Geography.—This belongs to an order of
plants eminently European; some species are
found in Asia, and a few are natives of Ame-
rica.

Properties.—It is not supposed that this
plant possesses any important virtues as a
medicinal agent. The blossoms of the yel-
low wall-flower (*C. cheiri*) have been recom-
mended as being useful in nervous affections.

Remarks.—*Cheiranthus* is derived from
χείρ, a hand, and *ανθος*, a flower; so named
because in its natural state the four petals
resemble the fingers of the hand. The speci-
fic name, *incanus*, which signifies hoary,* or
white from old age, is given to it on account
of the color of the leaves. It is called by the
common names of Brompton Stock and
Brompton Queens. It is a species of the
wall-flower; and the Stock-july-flower, or
Jilly-flower, belongs to the same genus. "All
these species will thrive in any light, rich
soil, and young cuttings planted in the same
kind of soil, under a hand-glass, will strike
root readily. They will also root without a
glass, if placed in a shady situation."

The sentiment of this flower is *Fidelity*
in Adversity. It is a favorite flower of the
English cottage-garden, and seems to prefer
the crevices of old walls and ruined towers,
and springs up by the side of the mouldering
tablet which marks the resting-place of the
forgotten dead. It is said that the minstrels and
troubadours of former days carried a branch
of the wall-flower about with them as an em-

blem of that affection which continues through
all the changes of time and survives every
misfortune.

"During the reign of terror in France, the
violent populace precipitated themselves to-
wards the abbey of St. Denis, to disinter the
ashes of their kings and scatter them to the
winds. The barbarians, after breaking open
the sacred tombs, were affrighted at the sacri-
lege, and went and hid their spoil in an ob-
scure corner behind the choir of the church,
where they were forgotten amid the horrors of
the Revolution. The poet Trenuel, some time
after, visited the spot, and found the sculptur-
ed fragments covered with the wall-flower.
This plant, faithful in misfortune, diffused
sweet perfumes in that religious receptacle,
which might be likened to an offering of in-
cense ascending towards heaven."

"Not in Prosperity's bright morn,
Cheiranthus' golden light
Is lent, her splendors to adorn,
And make them still more bright:
But in Adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by,
It then exerts its gentle power
The scene to beautify."

We are brought again into the soft, gen-
tle, spirit-stirring month of April, "smiling
through her tears," when "congenial spirits—
souls of impassioned mould," will call upon
each other in the language of an inspired wri-
ter, and say:

"Rise up, and come away,

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over
and gone;

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time
of the singing of birds is come, and the voice
of the turtle is heard in our land."

At the same time that our ears are saluted
with the wild notes of melody in the grove,
our eyes are delighted with the bright flowers,
of myriad forms and hues, whose sparkling
eyes and fragrant breath enliven and invigo-
rate even the lone and weary pilgrim, and
give him courage in the way to that country
where flowers immortal bloom, and angel-

* Eaton.

voices are tuned to harps of gold. The mild sunshine, the soft showers, and the gently breathing zephyrs of Spring, with their attendant train of bird and flower, are enough to call forth thoughts and feelings almost divine, even from frail, erring man. The Psalmist, no doubt, was influenced by the loveliness of nature around him, when his soul burst out in the following strikingly beautiful and impressive language:

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice.

"Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of

God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided for it.

"Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

"They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

"The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing."

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

A DAY'S RAMBLE THROUGH LONDON.

"As to honest John Bull, I shake him heartily by the hand, assuring him that I love his jolly countenance, and, moreover, am lineally descended from him; in proof of which, I allege my invincible predilection for roast beef and plum pudding. I therefore look upon all his children as my kinsmen; and I beg, when I tickle a Cockney, I may not be understood as trimming an Englishman, they being very distinct animals, as I shall clearly demonstrate in a future number."—*Salmagundi*.

TO-DAY, being unusually pleasant for the season, has been marked out for a stroll through London. Imagine yourself, therefore, dear reader, with me, as my other self, and let us start. Getting into the large and commodious cars at Greenwich, we are rapidly whirled along over a way built entirely on arches of masonry, say twenty feet or more above the surrounding country. In fifteen minutes' time our ride is ended, and we are set down on the Southwark bank of the Thames. Do you hear those sweet sounds which strike so melodiously on the ear? They come from the noble chime of bells in St. Saviour's. It is open: let us go in. Is it not venerable and impressive? Adjoining, as you see, is the "Ladye Chapel," which is well worth our examination: for it is one of the finest specimens of florid Gothic work which can be found anywhere, and contains various relics of

the past, among the most interesting of which is the monument yonder to the great and good Bishop Andrewes, whose mortal remains repose under this church.

Entering the CITY *par eminence*, by London Bridge, that massive granite structure, we direct our way *eastward*, towards St. Catharine's Dock, where the New York and London packets are moored. The streets are narrow and dirty, with a plentiful lack of side-walk. Look what an odd sign on that great brick building yonder! "SMITH & BROWN'S ENTIRE." What does it mean? "Entire"—entire what? To our American perception something is wanting to complete the sense; we can't make it out without help; perhaps they will tell us in the shop opposite. "Will you be kind enough, sir, to tell us what that large building is used for?" A stare; then an ill-concealed titter at our ignorance; the answer comes with a most approved swagger—"Why that's Smith & Brown's great brewery; there's nothing in that place but beer vats and barrels." "Oh, then, *entire* means that it is used entirely for this one purpose?" "Yes, to be sure; what did you think it meant?" "O, no matter; we are much obliged to you for the information." So we find out something new—that an "entire" is a place employed for one purpose exclusively.

By and by we come to the Tower; truly it

is quite a warlike looking spot, though of no consequence at present in that respect. The sentinels look well, though rather sleepy; and the moats, ramparts, and things of this sort, appear as though in olden time they might have been very serviceable. Certainly, the Tower is rich in historical recollections, and when we have time to spare we will go through it, and note its wonders.

Ah, what is all this crowd and noise? We must take care, or we will be jostled, and perhaps practised upon, by the light-fingered gentry. Hear those dreadful oaths and imprecations; see that brute yonder belaboring a poor horse. I fear there will be a collision soon, for more and more people and vehicles are getting collected together. Yet see; there is somebody who is likely to settle the dispute very summarily; he is backing that team out of the way, directing the other to advance, pushing one one way and another another, most uncereemoniously; and now all is clear again. Who is he? Oh, his blue uniform indicates the new police introduced by Sir Robert Peel, the best probably which any country possesses. We shall find them in every part of London, and being respectable men, we can always apply to them with confidence, in case we wish any assistance.

Come, having got through with our business in this quarter, let us get into an omnibus—never mind if they do stare and look askance at my blue cloth cloak; an honest man can wear a garment of this kind as well as a knave; we, you know, have the *mens conscia sibi recti*, so a fig for the stares of the honest John Bulls. We can ride some six or seven miles for sixpence.—Cheap enough, certainly! How convenient are these public carriages! Here, you see, are seats for sixteen, all numbered, and, what is better, equitably distributed. Thin folks are not crowded out of their due share of seat by those large people who ought to pay for two seats in our omnibuses. Here they can't crowd you, if they would, for each one has his own seat portioned off to him. Remember you what the arch rebel, Jack Cade, said, when he made his entry into London and styled himself Lord Mortimer? "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass." This is Cheapside, and in the very heart of the city; a fine

place, doubtless, to pasture horses, in Cade's estimation! Those were troublous times, when the houses of York and Lancaster were spilling England's best blood through their detestable ambition and lust of dominion.

Look now, we have come to the bounds of the CITY! Here is the famous *Temple Bar*, which not even the Queen can pass without the permission of my Lord Mayor! When her Majesty visits the city in person, this great functionary here meets her, and delivers to her the sword of state. This being returned to him, he precedes the Queen to her destination. Here, too, once used to be exposed the heads of those executed for high treason. Well, as we are neither high nor mighty, the Lord Mayor will not care to stop us; so we pass on. Now we have arrived at the end of our ride. This is the far-famed Charing Cross, though you will look in vain if you expect the veritable cross which gives name to this spot. The guide-book tells us that the cross erected by Edward I. to the memory of his Queen Eleanor, which occupied this spot, was removed in the reign of Charles I., and replaced by a bronze equestrian statue of that monarch. The Roundheads tried to have it destroyed, but it was preserved and replaced when Charles II came to the throne. From this spot heralds proclaim the accession of a new monarch to the throne. Look what a collection of coaches, carriages, omnibuses, and so on. This is the great starting point and terminus of hundreds of lines for all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent.

Where shall we go now? I have a letter to deliver somewhere—yes, "Charter House Square;" so we will omit a ramble in the parks to-day, and hunt up the address of my reverend friend. But first let us go into the house opposite and obtain some refreshment. This is what the Londoners call a "chop house." In a few moments they will supply us with anything we wish. The furniture is plain, but good and substantial, and the Boniface is not a bad specimen of his class. There, we have two nice dishes, with vegetables, bread, and so on, all for ninepence! So, you perceive, quite a respectable dinner for a hungry man can be got cheap, even in London. Passing by Trafalgar Square, where is a fine monument to Nelson, we enter St. Martin's Lane. Do you see yon imposing edifice? That is "St. Martin's in the Fields," which has long been an object of admiration to the lovers of architectural beauty. What a noble

portico it possesses! The pediment above is supported by eight columns of that most ornamental order, the Corinthian. The royal arms I do not much admire, affixed to the house of God; neither will it repay us to spell out that long Latin inscription. It is a pity the English language was not thought good enough to express what, we may suppose, was meant to give general information. How well proportioned and chaste are the steeple and spire, and in what fine keeping does every part of this beautiful temple seem to be! The interior, it is said, is adorned very highly.

Does it not seem strange to meet continually such crowds of bustling, busy men? Where do they all come from, and where are they all going? Everybody seems to be in a hurry, as though the fate of nations or of millions depended on his single exertions. I fear much that commercial pursuits are too engrossing for the Christian; they must interfere with higher and holier things. Note that extensive pile of buildings; it is the British Museum, a most valuable collection of the works of mind and art. Let us go in. For once we find a place free of admission! How vast these halls; how large the collection of curious and wonderful things in the way of zoology, ornithology, mineralogy, statuary, Egyptian antiquities, &c.; how bewildered you become in attempting to describe them. Give a good look at the Elgin marbles, and let us add our mite of scorn for the barbarism which robbed Athens of her glorious monuments of the past, and for the mercenary noble who made merchandize of them.* Had we time, the noble library of 250,000 vols. would indeed be a rich store, which we might spend months and years in examining. We can now only give a passing glance at the treasures here gathered together.

Our course is now eastward, and we shall have to make a good many turns before we reach Charter House Square. The streets are narrow and very crooked. Neither here nor anywhere in London has there been any attempt to have the streets regular, parallel, and at right angles, as in Philadelphia and the upper part of New York; hence, though it is only little more than a mile in a straight line, we shall have to walk at least two before we arrive at our destination. But no matter, we shall see only the more of the strange things

of this mighty city. It is worth while to notice how different is the appearance both of the people and of the houses, shops, &c., here from what they were in the far-famed "West End." This region boasts of its Cockneys or Londoners proper, those sage folks who are filled with so immeasurable conceit of themselves and their own importance, and who are ready to knock down any and every man who denies that England is the most glorious, powerful, and virtuous nation in the world, and London the first of terrestrial cities. The West End is the abode of royalty and nobility; fashion there exerts her indomitable sway, and luxury and splendor there may be seen in their greatest extent. But when you leave those magnificent abodes, where the privileged few enjoy all that wealth can afford, how astonishing the change! it seems like another city, in no wise connected with that which you have just left: the people have hardly any resemblance to the polished, travelled, educated denizens of palaces and splendid residences; they do not seem to speak the same language; they wear the appearance of toil and confinement, or the air of pertness and wretched conceit, or the still more distressing look of poverty and destitution. These inequalities, it is true, are more or less evident in every large city, but in none is the contrast so striking as in London; to me it is painfully impressive.

Here we are at last; yon venerable building is the Charter House, a charitable foundation. Once it belonged to the Carthusians, but now (since 1611) it is devoted to learning. It is very liberally endowed. I am sorry to find my reverend friend is out of town, for we have had a long walk to little purpose. It is already late, so we must make our way towards London Bridge again. As we pass Newgate street, just give a glance at Christ's Hospital, or as it is commonly called, the Blue Coat School, from the long blue garment or coat which is provided for the scholars. This noble institution, which annually expends \$200,000, is a lasting monument of that good and wise young king, Edward VI. Some 1,300 children are on the foundation. We enter Old Bailey and see something very different. That frowning, dark, heavy edifice is Newgate; the bare enunciation of which name calls to mind a long, long catalogue of crime and horror. I love not to look at it; let us on.

From Ludgate Hill, where we now are, you

* Lord Elgin received for these marbles, from the Government, some \$150,000.

observe St. Paul's shows to the best advantage, though it is to be regretted that it is cramped up so much by the narrow streets and houses. Going through Cheapside and King William street, we come once more to the point whence we started this morning. Before we leave the city, however, let us take a look at the famous monument on Fish street Hill, just by. It was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the great fire of 1666, and is 200 feet high. Let us read the inscriptions; they are in Latin, but I am sure they will be worth translating. On this side (the north) it reads thus:

"About midnight, on the 2d of September, in the year 1666, a most terrible fire broke out within about 200 feet eastward from this place, and being driven by a high wind, wasted, with incredible noise and fury, not only the adjacent parts, but also places very remote. It consumed eighty-nine churches, the City Gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwellings, and 400 streets. Of twenty-six wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the city were 436 acres,

from the Tower by the Thames to the Temple Church, and from the northeast gate, along the city wall, to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favorable. That in all things it might resemble the last conflagration of the world, the destruction was sudden; for, in a small space of time, the same city was seen most flourishing and reduced to nothing. Three days afterwards, when this fatal fire had baffled all human counsels and endeavors, in the opinion of all, as it were by the will of Heaven, it stopped, and on every side was extinguished."

The inscription on the opposite side relates to the measures taken for the rebuilding and restoration of the city under "Charles II., son of Charles the Martyr, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, a most gracious Prince." On the other sides, you perceive, are emblematic figures and representations. Altogether, it is a most interesting memento of an event never to be forgotten in the metropolis.

Our ramble is ended; so, good night, good night!

"THY WILL BE DONE."

SORROW-STRICKEN pilgrim! say,
Dost thou faint in life's dim way?
Bruised and wounded in the strife,
Doth thy spirit tire of life,
And, in weariness and gloom,
Art thou yearning for the tomb?

Hath the lightning torn away
Some proud oak that was thy stay?
Is there now no earthly thing
Whereunto thy heart may cling?
And, in helplessness and woe,
Are its tendrils drooping low?

Or with swift and deadly blight,
Hath the worm* been sent to smite
Some fair bower, whose leaves had spread
Grateful shelter o'er thy head?
'Mid the noon-beams dost thou fade,
Pining for that blessed shade?

* Jonah iv. 7.

Is it well, oh fainting one!
Weary, ere thy task is done,
Thus to sink beneath thy load—
Thus to falter on the road,
Wasting time thy griefs to tell?
Fainting pilgrim, is it well?

Wait thou for thy promised rest;
Gird the mail upon thy breast;
Wait until thy race is run;
Wait till all thy work is done;
Since it is thy Master's will,
Labor in his vineyard still.

Or if nothing meets thy view
For thy heart or hands to do,
God would teach thee something more,
Ere the storm of life is o'er.
Pilgrim! till thy crown is won,
Thou must pray, "Thy will be done."

SIGMA.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MUSIC BY EDWARD HOWE, JR.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I

know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I

rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

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The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op-press'd." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and pastoral, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

II.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

III.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread,
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 Oh! what shall I ask of Thy Providence more?

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THOUGHTS OF BLAISE PASCAL.—Translated from the French, preceded by a sketch of his life. Andover: Allen, Morrill & Wardwell; New York: Mark H. Newman. 1846.

The story of Pascal, as related in the memoirs with which this volume is introduced, is full of interest, and the "Thoughts" are among the most wise and devout of the sayings of men. Pascal was a great man, and no one can peruse this sketch of his life, and the fragments he has left, without being grieved at the thought that he was so early called away from this to a better world. But he has left behind him, in these disconnected and sententious paragraphs, a memorial which will never perish from among men, but will be admired the more as men learn more to admire genius and piety, when united in the same devoted man.

THE COTTAGE BIBLE.—A new edition of this well known commentary has been recently published at Hartford, and is now for sale in this city. It is brief but remarkably comprehensive, and the simplicity with which its instructions are conveyed, has rendered it peculiarly acceptable to private Christians.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. DR. PROUDFIT.—The memoirs of this distinguished man have been published by the Harpers, having been prepared for the press by the Rev. Dr. Forsyth, of Newburgh. The subject was a man eminent for usefulness in every form that engaged the attention of the church, and in this respect his example may well be held up for the imitation of others.

JOURNEY TO ARARAT.—By Dr. Frederick Parrot; translated by W. D. Cooley. This instructive and entertaining volume has been published as No. VIII. of the "New Miscellany of Appleton," and the scholar and man of taste will here find a rich store of information, curious and instructive. And if he have a taste for the ancient and marvellous, and withal is somewhat credulous, this book will still afford him the material for the enjoyment he seeks.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION, BY D'AUBIGNE.—If any of our readers have not read the *fourth* volume of this great and splendid work, they are behind the age, and are living below their privileges. It is written with all that glowing beauty, the graphic power, and dramatic plan, for which the author is so distinguished; and from the felicity with which this translation is made, the reader is carried onward, without hesitation, over pages of elegant writ-

ing, struck with the author's charming style, at the same time that he feels the power of the great truth which the history brings before his mind. The preparation of this work, now embracing four volumes, is one of the most important events of the day. It will have a powerful effect in promoting the principles of the great reformation, and aiding in the grand struggle with the chief adversary of Christ on earth.

Robert Carter publishes this work in various styles of binding, so that it is brought within the reach of all who desire to have it. The four volumes are bound in one handsome octavo, and sold for a dollar; and we ought not to forget to mention that it is embellished, as are all of Carter's editions of the work, with a portrait of Luther and one of the *author* himself.

THE LAST SUPPER.—We have received, not for the "parlor table," but to adorn the parlor wall, a splendid steel engraving of the last supper of Christ with his disciples; the artist to whom we are indebted is DICK, whose beautiful productions have already placed him high in the ranks of his profession. This work will extend his reputation and ensure his success. It is admirably done, and no one can contemplate it without admiring the power by which the artist is enabled thus to transfer the soul to the solid plate of steel, and then to the picture before us. We recommend to our friends who would have a fine ornament for their walls, to purchase this handsome engraving.

DWIGHT'S THEOLOGY, in four volumes. The new edition of this well known system of Theology, just issued by the Harpers, is at once cheap and elegant. A few years ago it cost the student fifteen dollars or more to become the owner of this set of books, but now it is offered to him at the low price of six. No one of our American authors has contributed more than Dr. Dwight to exalt the reputation of our country in the world of religious learning. His works are used as text-books in foreign literary institutions; and there was a time when his system of Theology was sought after for the private libraries of clergymen with more avidity in Great Britain than at home.

It may safely be said that no theological writer in this or in any other country, has clothed the discussion of profound and subtle questions in divinity in a more attractive dress, rendering their investigation an intellectual delight to those who follow him; while the deep spirituality and practical piety of the author commend his works to the devout and humble.

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